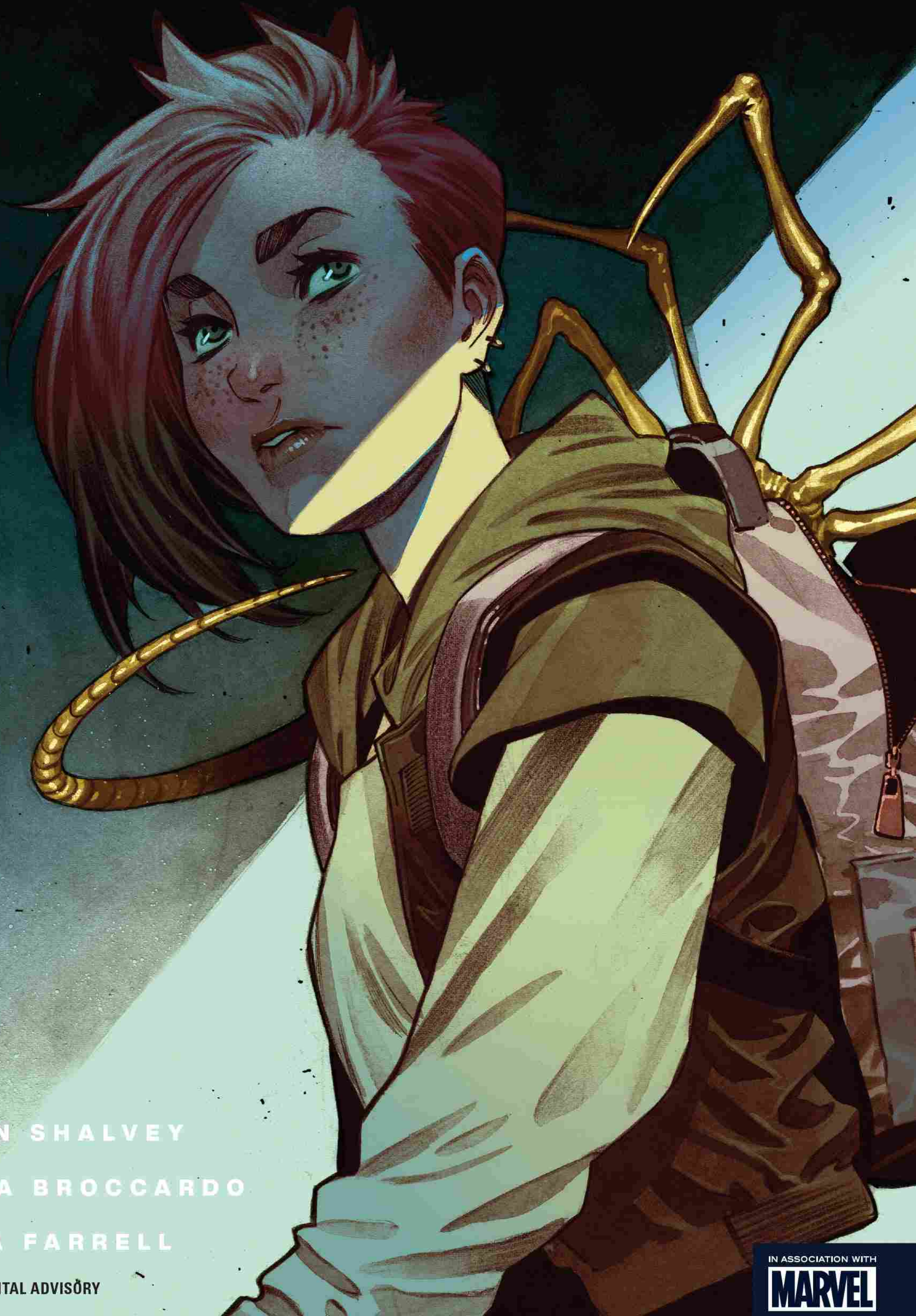




2

A L I E N TM



玩

DECLAN SHALVEY

ANDREA BROCCARDO

TRIONA FARRELL

PARENTAL ADVISORY

IN ASSOCIATION WITH
MARVEL

2195. LV-695. WEYLAND-YUTANI
EXCAVATION SITE (FORMERLY
TALBOT ENGINEERING INC. SITE).

Jesus,
what kind
of rinky-dink
operation were
they running
here?

Looks like
it was a crew of two.
Doctor Batya Zahn and...
her husband. Looks like he
has a physical disability.
Workplace injury a few
months back.

Disability
or no, he seems
pretty useless
to me.

Surprised
any of this tech is
operational, the
state it's in.

It's all a little
battered, but
surprisingly well
maintained,
sir.

The company is sure
there's something valuable
on this rock? Because
it sure don't look
like much.

That's what we're told.
They managed to hit
some kind of *payload*
the higher-ups are
keen on.

That's why the *Boreas*
was diverted here. Not
every ship has researchers
like us on board. We're to
find out what that is while
the regular grunts
secure the base.

We're here
to freeze our
asses off, you mean.
I'm not convinced
there's anything
here, sir.

Well,
let's take a
look. We get
paid either
way.

Warm up
the drill, will you,
Patterson? Let's kick
the nest a bit, see
what happens.

You
got it,
boss.







Get those men out--throw down some rope, cable, whatever you have.

NOW, dammit.

Yes, sir!

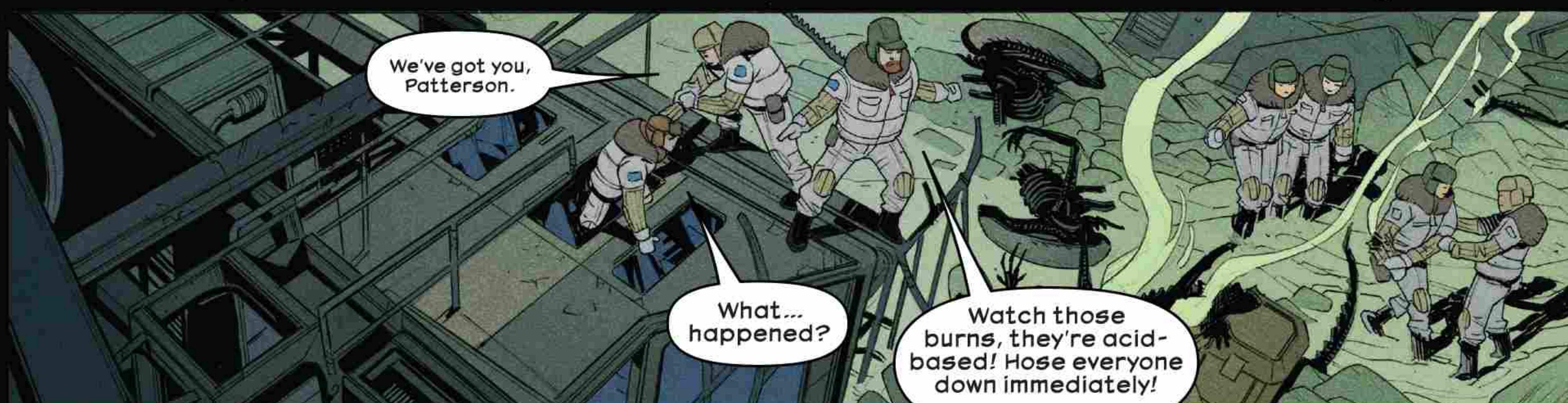


Ow. Damn.

What the f--?



AIEEE!



We've got you, Patterson.

What... happened?

Watch those burns, they're acid-based! Hose everyone down immediately!



We're not equipped for this. I can't even tell how many of those *things* are in there.

Fire up the hoppers. I don't want to be here when the sun goes down.

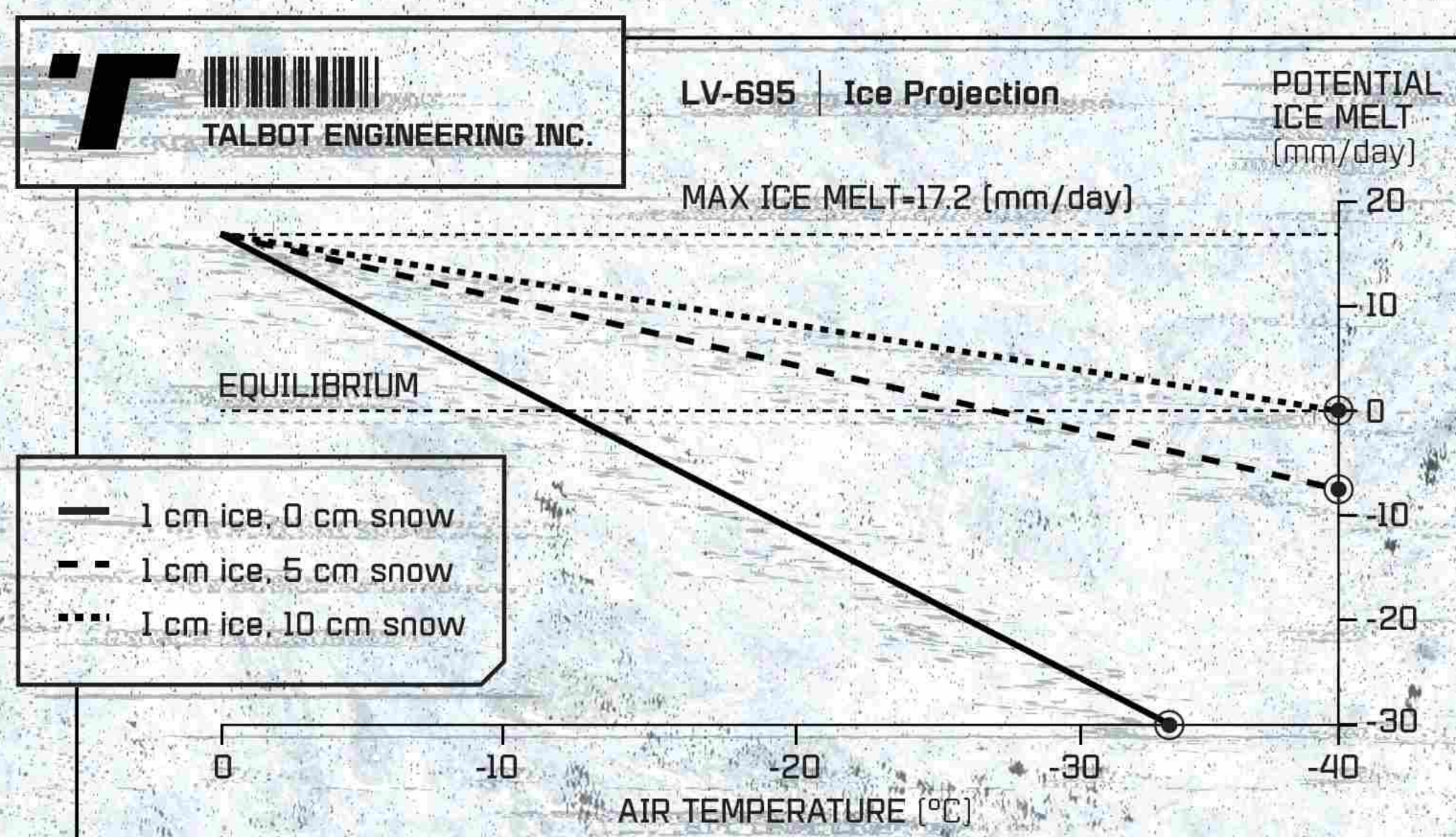
Yes, sir.



In **2122**, the multinational corporation **Weyland-Yutani** diverted their commercial towing vehicle, the ***Nostromo***, to the moon **LV-426**. Weyland-Yutani, purporting to answer a possible distress call, secretly wished to secure specimens of a dangerous alien species known as **Xenomorphs** for study and profit. Tragedy struck the crew.

In **2179**, a colony known as **Hadley's Hope**--built on LV-426--was overrun by Xenomorphs. All rescue attempts failed.

Now the year is **2195**. Scientist **Batya Zahn** is stationed on frozen moon **LV-695** with her family--her partner, **Dayton**, and daughter, **Zasha**--to research water resources for **Talbot Engineering Inc.** After Zasha discovered a frozen facehugger on an excavation trip, Weyland-Yutani dropped in announcing they've bought out Talbot Engineering and now own the dig site and research. But something dangerous is frozen deep within the ice. What will happen when they crack the surface?



ALIEN™

THAW PART 2 OF 5

DECLAN SHALVEY WRITER

ANDREA BROCCARDO ARTIST

TRÍONA FARRELL COLORIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER

DIKE RUAN & MATTHEW WILSON COVER

FELIPE MASSAFERA; DAVE JOHNSON VARIANT COVERS

JAY BOWEN DESIGN

ANITA OKOYE ASSISTANT EDITOR

SARAH BRUNSTAD EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI EDITOR IN CHIEF

SPECIAL THANKS TO STEVE ASBELL, LeANNE HACKMANN,
SARAH HUCK, JEREMY HULING, ALISON GIORDANO, JACKSON KAPLAN,
JEFFREY THOMAS, CAROL ROEDER & NICOLE SPIEGEL AT DISNEY.

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THE KEG,
VENTILATION
SYSTEM.

Harrison,
report.

Nothing
yet, boss.

But if
the *run*t wants
to get to the next
wing, she has to
come through
me.

Oh, do I
really?

And
nothing gets
past me.





Uuuuhhhh...

A|||EEEEEE!



Uuuuummmgh!

Oh my god!



What did...?

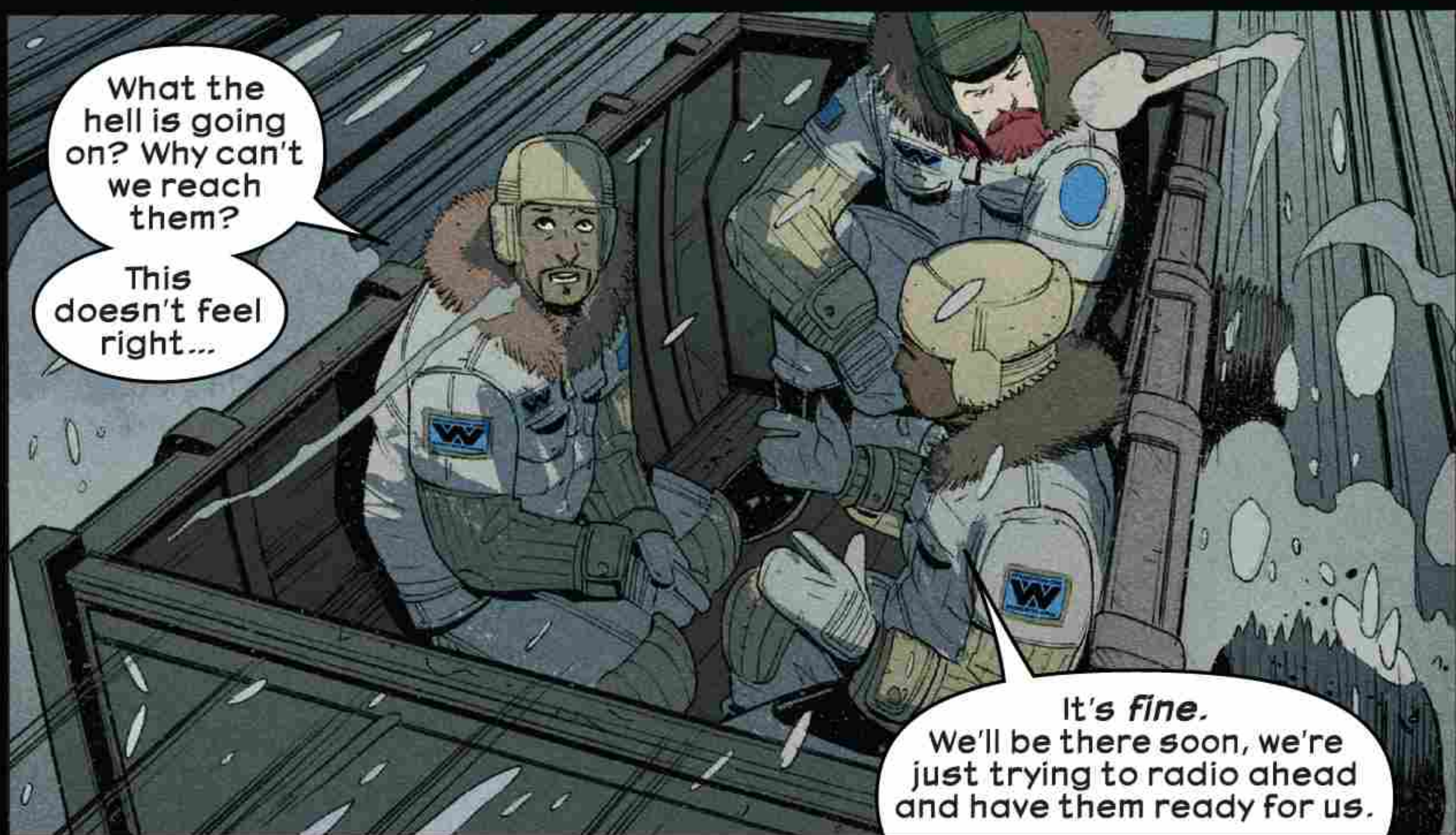
Mmmmmmmmbh!

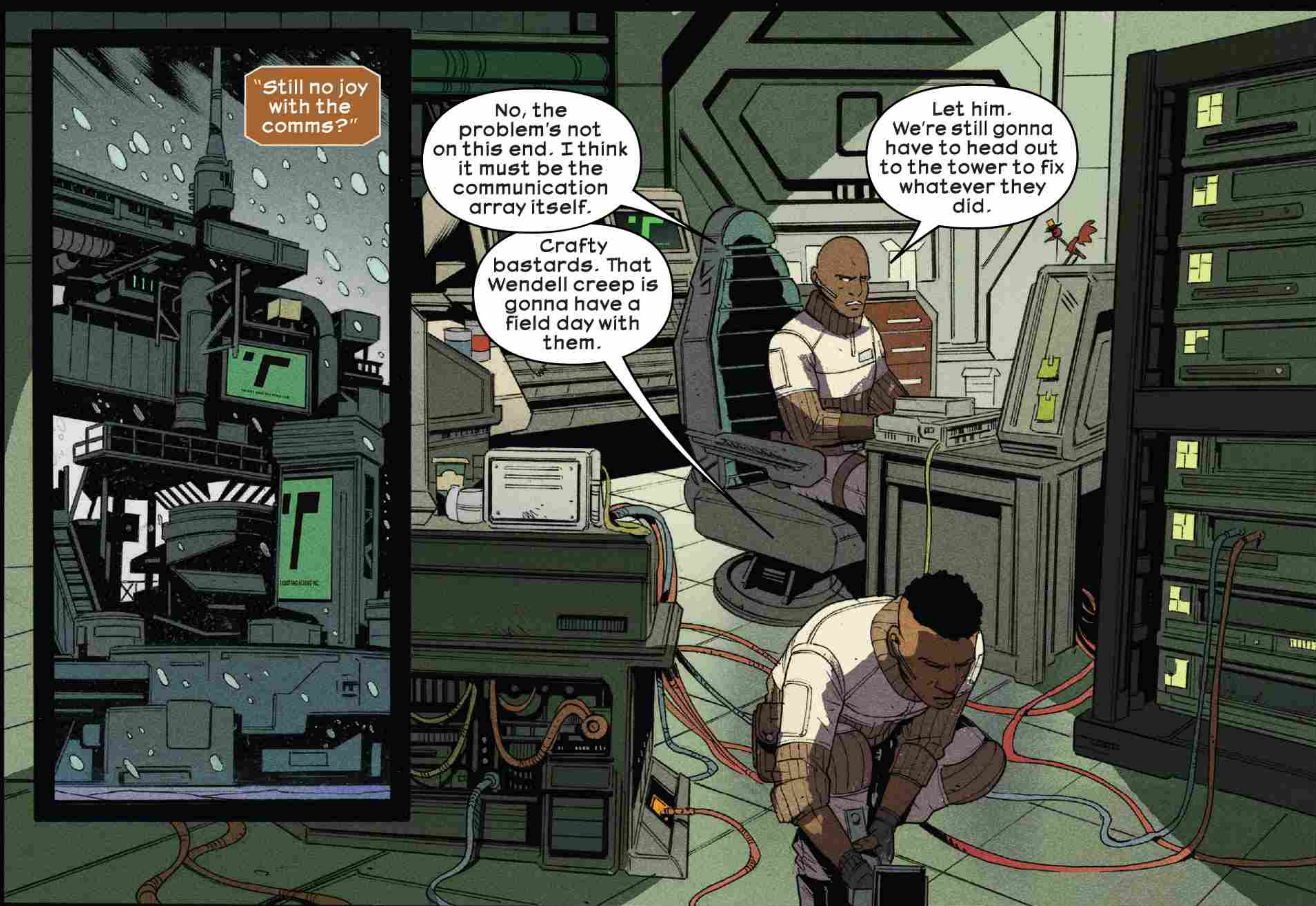
Mmm-m-mmmm9g9ghh!



Mooom!

Gggg





"Still no joy with the comms?"

No, the problem's not on this end. I think it must be the communication array itself.

Crafty bastards. That Wendell creep is gonna have a field day with them.

Let him. We're still gonna have to head out to the tower to fix whatever they did.



Why is it we get all the donkey work on these jobs?

I dunno, man, I guess--



....
Whaaaat the hell was that?



Sergeant,
this is Williams
in the control
room.

We just
saw something
happen out on
the ice.



Elaborate,
please.

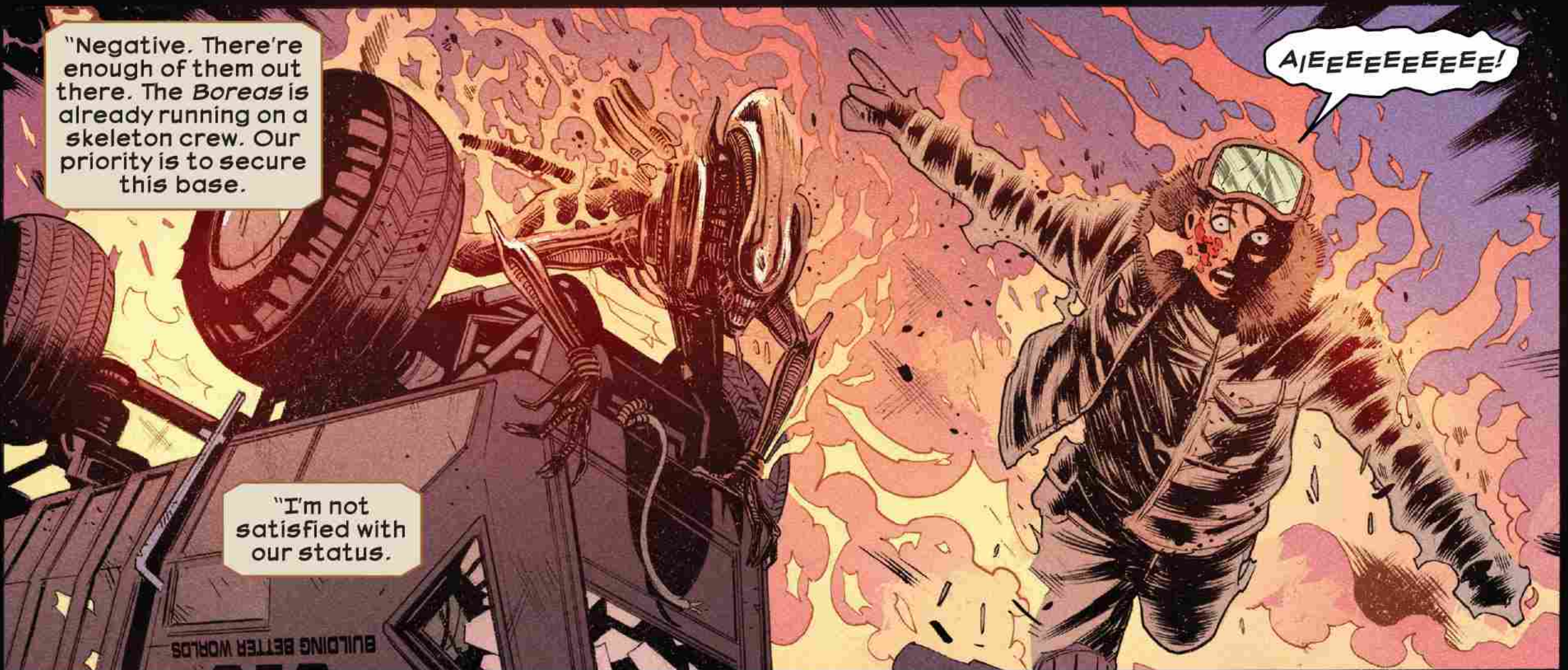
Can't say
for sure, it's too
far out.

Has the
dig team
reported
in?



"Wide comms are still
down, sir. If they have,
we can't hear them."

"Should we send out a
team to investigate?"



"Negative. There're
enough of them out
there. The *Boreas* is
already running on a
skeleton crew. Our
priority is to secure
this base."

"I'm not
satisfied with
our status."

AIEEEEEEEEEEE!



"The dig team
is on its own."

AIEEE--
GGHHHHH!



Hey man,
you good
here?



Yeah, I'm
good. You not
relieving me?

No, need
you to stay on
watch a bit longer.
They got me on
Bridge duty.



The
Bridge...?
You.

I know,
I know. But
everyone else
is out at the
dig site or on
that piece-of-
shit base.

So
you good
with this
guy?



This
guy?



Could handle
that asshole
with one hand tied
behind my back.



"Doctor Zahn, you told me you would comply, and I'm still waiting."

"Your former company is now part of Weyland-Yutani--we're co-workers, for goodness' sake."



Any privileged or confidential information you have, you are cleared to share with me.

To be more specific, you are *obligated* to tell me, but I really don't want to have to go down that avenue.

I'd much prefer we were *friendly*. So please stop *stalling*.



Mr. Wendell, no matter how much sugar you sprinkle on what you're serving, it's still a plate of shit.

I can't believe Talbot sold to you...there's nothing I can do about that. You're asking me to just hand over my life's work.



This is my legacy.



And I regret to inform you, Batya, that your "legacy" is now the property of Weyland-Yutani Corporation.

If you don't give it to us, I assure you we're just going to *take* it anyway.



I don't doubt it.



May I remind you we have your husband *safely* in custody?

And as agreed, when we have located your daughter, she will be returned to you.



Let's not kid ourselves-- we *both* know what's in that lab of yours.



So why hold out on us?

Play ball like you said you would, and you could do *very* well.



Unless, of course, you've been up to trouble...

...a few "unsanctioned" experiments of your own?



"My men are crawling through this base as we speak, slicing up your lab and scouring all the nooks and crannies of this hellhole.



"I wonder what fruits of your labor we will find first?"

Earl!
Radio in already!

Asshole hasn't checked in for two hours. Now we gotta cover *his* patrol? Shit's getting old fast.

I hear you, boss. I did not sign up for babysitter duty.



Holy...
Earl!



Whu--whut hupnd?

You tell me, brother.

What in the Sam Hill is *this*?



I had thu girl...right in m'hands.

Some lizard thing. Jump'd at me.

Must've knocked me out.

Can you stand?



I dunno, man, I...
...feel pretty...



Hyuk!



Hrrrrr!

Earl!
Jesus, what's wrong?





I've got it!

Whuuuh juss hhh-nd?!



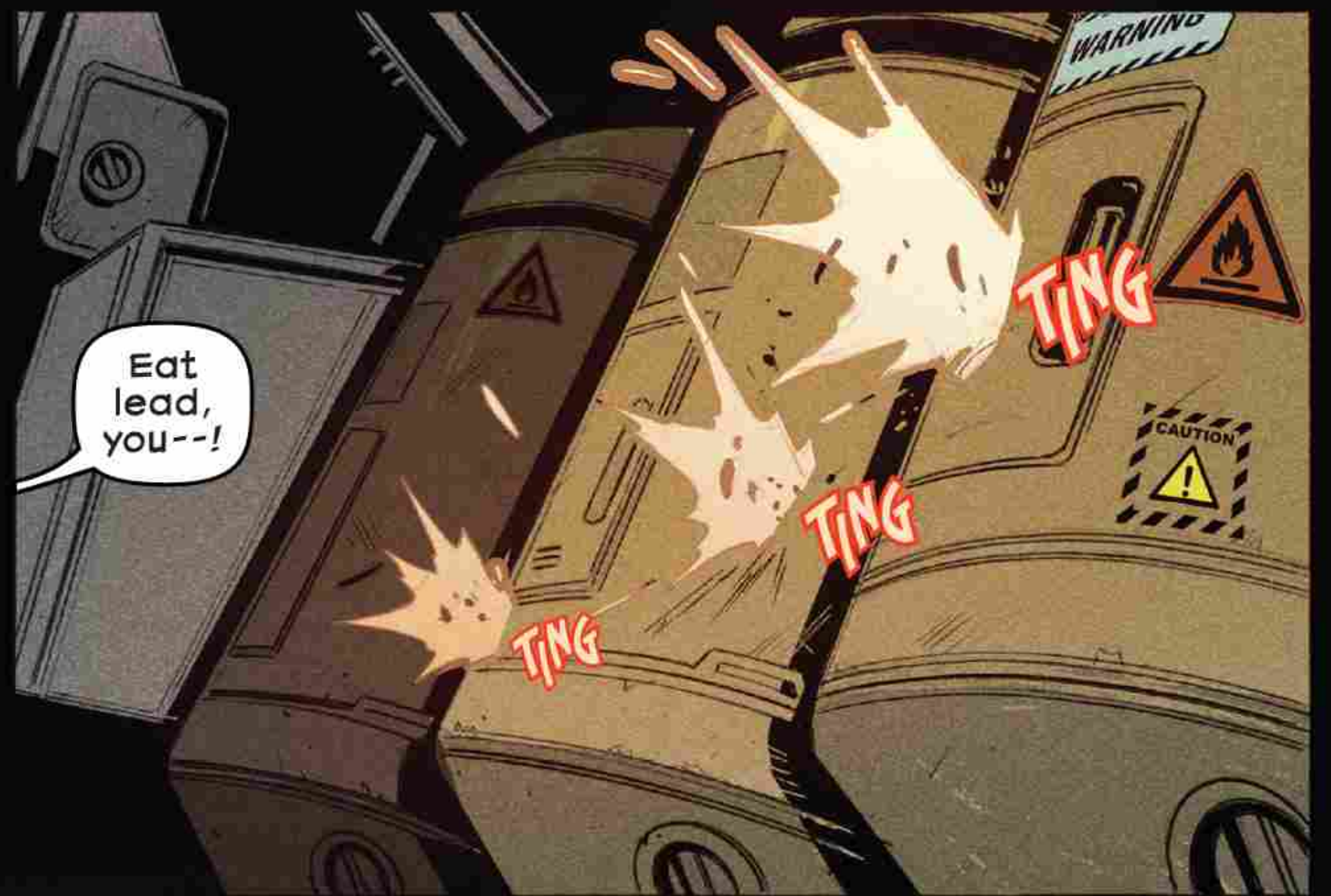
C'mere, you little...whatever the hell you are.



Christ!

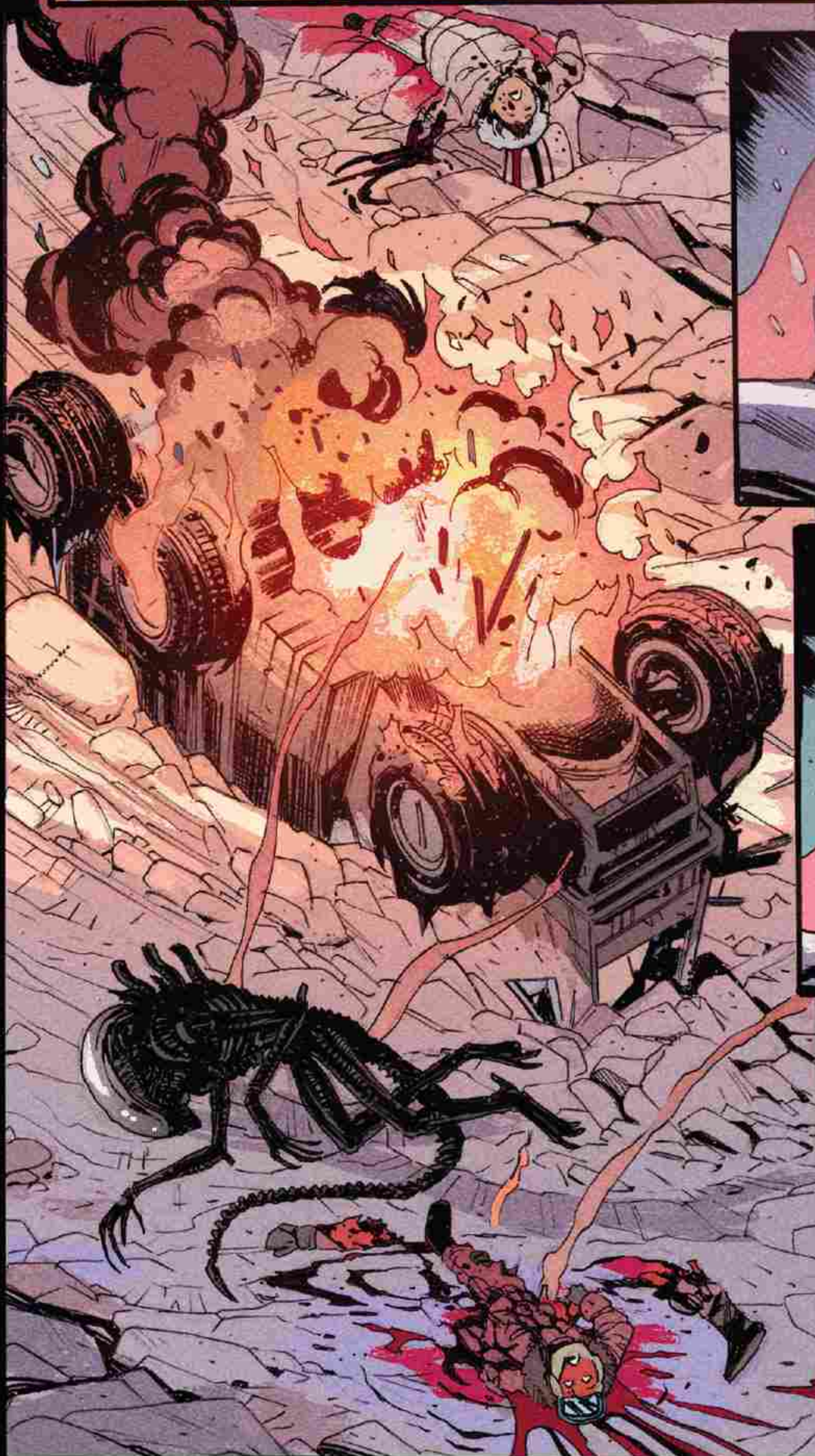


Get smoked!



Eat lead, you--!





Hssssssss

TO BE
CONTINUED...

N E X T

A #3

